Georgie's Gab

After me and paw and the Pupp Had Lived on paw's Cooken Four days paw

"Well, I glu't agoin to Put up With Time and I was Run over By a Skorch-Little Bit the Worst Thing that ever larpened to me and it ain't doin my sistum a Bit of Good."

It tutched my Hart to Look at paw. He had a sad countenunce and about 47 Greece Spots on his Bizness Soot, The pupp was the only one what Seemed to Git along all rite on Paw's cooken, Becoz he wasent brot up to be pertickler about his Vittles and got most of the stuff paw cooked fer Me and himself.

So paw Sed we was goin to Go and Glt maw and Little Albert and the next Day we went on the Three oclock trane. We got the Rawsons to keep the pupp till we Got Back, and when we come out of the Deepo after paw Bot His ticket the pupp was there Lookin up in paw's face and Waggen His tale Like If the joke was on somebuddy else.

Blame that Dawg," paw says, "if I Had a Club thay would Be a nock out rite here in One Round, and it wouldn't be no Chance blow neether."

But the trane come along in about a minit and paw grabed the pupp when the Conduckter was Looken the other way and we got in. The pupp lade Down under the Seat and Kep purty oulet till it was Time to Git out the Ticket. After the conduckter punched paw's and putt a Little red eard in his hat He held out his hand and Says;

"Whare's the Boy's?" "What do you mean?" paw ast,

"Ain't that your Boy?" the man says. "Yes." paw told Him, "but he's Too young to pay."

"That Don't go on this Road." the Conduckter Says. "He'll Be shavin Twict a week in a year or So. Come on now, I ain't got no Time to Listen to no Stories about Dates in the Fam-Hy Bible." "I guess you must Be a new man

Here," paw Says, "You Don't no the general manager of This Company is my uncle, Do you? What's your The Conduckter Looked kind of sted-

dy at paw fer a minute and then sed: "All rite." So he went on punchin the Tickets.

and after he was up at the other End of the Car paw Says:

"They ain't nothin Like Havin' nurve and Keepin' your Wits about you. I Hope you'll take after me and always no Enuff to keep Cool and Camm When you git in Tite places. I wouldn't of Done a Thing Like That only this Rode run over a Cow for Uncle Henry Wunst and Wouldn't pay nothin."

Purty soon the Conduckter Came Back and Leaned against the Seat in front of us, and Says to paw:

'So the General manager is one of your fambly, is He? When was you in to See the Old gentleman Last?" "About a week ago," paw Says. "It's a pity about His health, Ain't

"Yes. I Couldn't Help notusen He was failen purty Fast. I Told him he

was Foolish to work So hard. He of to take a Rest." "I spose you didn't ast him fer a pass Becoz you Felt so Sorry fer Him," the

Conduckter Says. "Ob, no," paw anserd, "I Didn't no I

to Tend to it Since.'

"Look here," the Conduckter Says, try to live it Down. Now I want a Ticket fer that Boy."

Then the pupp Seen thay was Sum-From under the Seat and Begin to "Where's the Rest of the Fambly,"

Like that with you, Besides the Boy and the Dawg, Have you?"

"Don't git fanny." paw says, Givin the pupp a kick that made everybuddy in the car take an interest. One man Jist Behind us Hollered:

"I gess you made a mistake. You wanted to Git on the Cattle Trane, Didn't you?" and another one on the other side says to the Conduckter:

"You Better Serch Him. Mebbe he Has a Rabbit or Two Consealed about his purson.' Then paw Stood up and Shook his

fist at Them and Hollered: "You Fellers of to Git a Job With Some Sho. Them Jokes is So Brite the publick would go Crazy over

Everybuddy in the Car Laft, But me and paw Couldn't tell whether it was at the other fellers or us.

So paw settled fer me and we Took the pupp and went in the Smoken Carand the next Stashen was whare we Got off.

When me and paw and the Pupp was standen on the platform All alone and the Trane laid went on I says:

Paw, Did you Haft to lurn to keen sol and camm in tite places or did it t come natcherel to You?"

tw he set His satchel Down klad ow and put his Hand on mi Hed

d Be a man if your life is ed and mebby Can mite have Chill topen again!" Then when that " in the are thay ot to Have Luv fer you la the Brest thay ain't nothing But Dis-

speck you will no what it is to be a ding festivities. As soon i fawiler with a Surpent's tooth Biter Bt your Hart. Say, if you tell the tells empything about what hapened comin out How I'll brake every Bone in your holds."-Chlengo Times-Herald.

GAR'S MANNER OF FIGHTING.

Habits of a Hawaiian Species Made Fishing Dangerous.

This is a fish story, but it is true if the ten occupies a stall in our fish markets. | the of the liquid alr.

sessessessessessesses ! They rarely attain a length of over twelve inches here, but at Arc. Fill, and thereabouts they grow much larger and the bill, armed with sharp teeth, is a weapon to be dreaded. The fish bask habitually at the very surface of the water and become extremely excited and in the larger specimens vi-

cious at the slightest alarm. The gentleman who describes the incident was collecting specimens of This Outrage enny Longer. I Bia up shells along the reef in the Aru Islands. aginst some Cold propposishens in my natives towing the boat along the byways, tossing the useless specimens er Wunst. But this here Thing of Beln and bunches of coral overboard again. left to Starve by a Hartless Womun In doing this be noticed that almost inwhile She's away eaten Fritters and variably the large gars that were in frosted Cake three times a Day is a the vicinity would start out of the water and dash away at headlong speed, glancing in and out of the water like a shot. One of the fish coming near the boat, he observed that as soon as its direction could be determined the native lifted up a peculiar flat basket that | no end to it, will give plenty of innocent he carried and held it as a shield, at the funsame time raising his club.

The idea of using a basket as a shield seemed a comical one, but was never theless a good one, as a few moments later a native some 300 yards to the left lifted a huge branch of coral and, finding nothing in it, hurled it back again. It fell with a loud crash and almost instanly four or five gars darted from the water, rushed away with incredible speed. Two of the largest came flying toward the boat, clearing the water and glancing out again, and the native had barely time to utter a warning cry when one of their pessed directly over where his head had been a moment before. The other came full at the native. For a second it was under the water, then out with a bound, flashing in the sunlight like a meteor.

The quick eye of the native, however, had followed it and, stepping back, he raised the thick basket shield and received the flying gar full upon it. The blow was so heavy that for the instant the man staggered and was nearly thrown over, while the fish, evidently stunned and confused by this sudden arrest of its progress, lashed the water about him into foam. A spear was soon put isto it and the dangerous living arrow thrown into the boat. Hawaiian Weekly.

Caeti in a Bot le.

A new method of growing eactl has been discovered in the botanical gardens of Berlin. All that is required is a shapely bottle, a little rich earth and a few cactus seeds that can be bought of any florist for a few cents. Bottles in which creme de menthe or some of the other cordials usually come, are well adapted to this purpose on account of the clearness of the glass and the grace of their shape.

Having secured the bottle, cleanse it thoroughly and then put earth in it until the bottom is covered to a height of about an inch. Sprinkle this earth well, almost soaking wet, and then throw in three or four cactus seeds. Close the bottle snugly with a tight-fitting cork and seal it close with sealing wax. The a strong cord around the neck of the bottle and hang it in a window that the sun reaches for at least several hours every day. In cold weather the bottle must not be exposed. The llving room, with a constant temperature of 70 degrees or more, sults the experiment admirably. Then the entire process of growth can be watched with no small interest." The opening and rooting of the seeds, and the gradual development of the plants will follow, almost as if by magic./

London Tailors Do Not Fit. "The best that can be said of the clothes imported by American men from London is that they are well made," said Nelson R. Huntington of New York, who has spent years abroad in the study of the hospitals. "They was Goin then and I ain't Had no time never fit. Indeed, the art of misfit seems to be carefully studied. The garments of both men and women purty mad, "the General manager's never set well, and even the actresses, Been in Yourup fer Six months, and if | who are supposed to be exacting, suf-He had enny Reelashens like you I fer from the inability or indisposition don't Spose He'd Ever Come Back to of the English tailors to fit the figure. The finish, however, shows fine and thorough workmanship. The French achieve better fits, but the work is thing rone Goin on So he Crawled out atrocious, making the best garments look cheap and hurried. Not even important buttons are secure. American tailors and dressmakers surpass everythe Conduckter ast. "You ain't got a thing in Europe in making a fit, and the gote or a caff or a goose or emything finish compares favorably with the English. The New-Yorkers who import garments made by Poole and other fashionable Londan tailers had them refitted by American tailors until a year or two ago, when the latter refused to touch them at any price."-

The Last Opportunity.

Philadelphia North American,

The late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous skeptic, told many stories of experiences which grew out of the common knowledge of his skepticism. One of these related to a visit which he once nade to Rev. Phillips Brooks, be fore Doctor Brooks became a bishop. Calling on Doctor Brooks, he was refused admission because, as the servant said, it was "sermon day," and some of Doctor Brooks' own home people had already been denied admission, But Doctor Brooks learned that Ingersall was at the door, and sent out word that he should come in.

After the interview, and as Colone Ingersoll was about to leave, he said: "Doctor Brooks, your man told me

that you had denied yourself to some of your home people this morning. Now how is it that you have admitted me, a

stranger?" "Oh, that's quite easy," said Doctor Brooks, laughing. "They are my church members, and I shall see them again, here or in heaven, but isn't it rge, Sum day you are agoin to right for me to consider your belief, and that I shall probably never meet

Bridegroom Sent Away

A Polynesian bridegroom conspic nous by his absence during tions are opened with the family of the bride, the young man is "sent into the bush," and there he is obliged to stay until the wedding ceremonic are comploted.

Will Be Disappoint ug An English scientlyt show that Benda air cannot do the great this 's expected of has a source of power o of refriger Ribbic The cast of manufa. mre is sme writing of a man who signs "F, R, G | that it cannot pay to use he air pro s." after his name count for fact. We dured by the evaporation of the liquid all know the "gar," a long thin gentle- for the propulsion of an jugine. For man like an clongated pickerel that of- refrigeration a lump of ice beats a bot

FOR LITTLE FOLKS. store cat of a Sloux City grocery firm

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR IN-TEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Place a spool of cotton in the inside pocket of your coat, and, having threaded a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat, unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cotton hanging as if it were only a stray plece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off for you, and his astonishment, when he finds there is

A Narrow Escape. Are sipping cambric tea. And they are as happy As dollies well can be.



Also an Indian brave. Oh, the hapless dollies! Will no one come to save?

Haste, fond little mothers,



If you don't come quickly Dead dollies we shall see. Here they come a-charging;



This does not look like fun-Indian brave and lion



Were you scared, sweet babies? Well, now, no longer fear, Nothing again shall tempt them To leave their children dear,

About a year ago the dog was kid

"Look, pa! Oh. look! look! Carlo!

There on the green, with tail extended and eye dilated, his great body trembling with the excitement caused by that voice he loved, stood kidnapped "Carlo."

"Oh, come, Carlo!" cried the child.

It took two days to hear the case The complainant put in evidence to show that he purchased the dog of the man who reared him. On the other hand, the defendant described every mark and sear on the dog.

"I think I'll postpone the trial in or der to have the dog in court as a witiess." said the judge.

to court the day following. "Carlof" called the livery stable keeper. The dog only suiffed and moved

A Cat that arms Its Living That was rather a useful car of Die's Whittington's, but it did not display a | April, 1828, on the occasion of the great very positive kind of usefulness, as the | Schaman's last visit,

does. Tom-that is the grocery cat-is a very familiar figure to the customers, for he is always behind the counter with the clerks. When a bundle is tled and the string must be broken then itisthat Tom sprit is up and runs along the counter, gral , the string in his teeth and with a deft bite and yank parts it. It is all done so quickly and is so astonishing that the customers think their eyes must have deceived them, as Tom cuddles down again and begins to purr cheerfully, waiting for another chance to cut the strug. The

Small for His Age. "Grandfather," said a saucy little boy

most carefully provided for.

grocery firm would not take a good

deal of money for their cat, and he is

the other day, "how old are you?" The old gentleman, who was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees and said: "My dear boy. I am 85 years old, but why do you

The little fellow replied: "Well, if seems to me you are very small for your age."

Pie that "Ate" Well.

Ted's friend treated him to a piece of pie. It was so good that he wanted another, but thought it would not be polite to ask for it. So he sidled up to her and said: "Miss Turk, that pie ents well."

Startling News. At the close of Mabel's first day at school she came home, and running to her mother she said: "Oh, mamma. one little girl was tidy and the teacher sent her home for a suskuse."

USELESS QUESTIONS.

The Bane of the Patient and Long-Suffering Doctor Mar.

Every profession has its petty annoyances, but probably the medical profession, above all others, from the mystories attached to the human body, is more subjected to foolish and silly questions. A physician may spend the day, indeed, much of the twenty-four hours, In seeing cases, and, as a recreation, he may drop in socially to see a friend or attend a dinner or some other social attraction, and at once his neighbors begin to talk about the "wonderful human frame" and such things, and then some brilliant member of the company will ask, "Doctor, is there much sickness in the city?" as if the poor physiclan was a collector of statistics or knew just what the condition of the city was. Another person will call across the table or room, "Doctor, do you think I ought to be vaccinated?" and probably some especially scintillating member will say that she does not believe in vaccination, which, of course, settles matters at once. The wise physician will keep quiet at

such times and not let himself into a wild discussion which can lead to nothing between persons of unequal mental attainments. There is a temptation always to talk "shop," especially by those not in the "shop." The lawyer is asked his opinion in the parior; the physician is consulted on the street corner. Such advice is worth usually just what it costs the person asking it, namely, nothna. No man should be called on to give an opinion for no remuneration when such an opinion may lave cost not only time and money, but when it may, in a measure, involve the reputation of the person giving it.

If the public is to be instructed at all it should certainly be taught not to force any man to "talk shop" morning, noon and night.

"Little Day."

it out beforehand in preference to

spending a long time trying to learn it,

and then being called upon by "my

friend" to write it out at the very first

Mr. Day suffered from gout. One day

he ordered a boy to "write it out." Then

a sudden twinge came, and Mr. Day

added, "Twice, my friend," and when

the boy showed some surprise, and a

third twinge came on, he continued,

But Mr. Day's natural temper was

sunny. A boy who had been com-

plained of received a summons to stay

after school, which being interpreted

"What may your name be?" asked

"Then, my friend," said Little Day,

Relies of Shakspeare.

By the death of Mrs. Baker, which

centred at Anne Hathaway's cottage

at Shottery, near Stratford-Upon-Avon,

he actual as well as the nominal con-

trol of all the relics of William Shak-

speare has passed to the guardianship

of Richard Savage, one of the best anti-

quarians in England, who is acting as

custodian for the trustees of Shak-

speare's birthplace and of New Place,

where he died. Mrs. Baker passed all

her life in the famous old cottage, which

together with all her old furniture and

relies was purchased by the Shakspeare

trustees in 1892. She was a descend-

ant of the Hathaways of Shakspeare's

time, and in a family Bible always

shown to the visitor at Anne Hatha-

way's cottage her pedigree was set down. More than 80 years of age at

the time of her death, she had thus met

and conversed with all the famous mer.

and women or the century who had vis

ited the shrins of the "Divine William,"

and barring some peculiarities of voice

and manner, and her unconsciously hu-

morous egotton, she made a most in

teresting carenteles of these famous

Mrs. Bricer was almost the last of a

group of eccentricities long contributive

to the charm of Stratford. The only

survivor of the old group la Kyte, the

son of the "old sexton" of the Sketch

(took, now upward of 80 years of age,

It was Kyte who conducted Sir Walter

meant, make ready for a whipping,

the master of the frightened youth.

I think you had better scuttle!"

"Cole, sir," replied the boy.

"and once in the Greek character."

breakdown.



Carlo as a Witness. A grizzly St. Bernard proved this the other day in the superior civil court, to the satisfaction of judge, jury and wit-

napped from a Revere farmer, and subsequently sold to a Brookline livery stable keeper for fifty dollars. The Revere farmer advertised, but to no purpose. Business one day took him to Brookline. He was accompanied by his six-year-old daughter. They were driving slowly through the main street. Suddenly the child uttered a

Carlo!"

agerly. There was a merry back, and the dog was by the side of the wagon in a twinkling, wagging his bushy tail and prancing in doggish give. The farmer of course took possession of the dog. The Brooklineite laid his grievance before the court.

A deputy sheriff brought the canine

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"On, Carlo! Carlo!" cried the farmer's field. The huge St. Bermird's tail went round. In another second he was bounding down the carridor to his mistrees. The case then was submitted to the jury, and after five minutes' deliberating the jury returned with a vereliet for the farmer Boston Dally Traveler.

S ALL LAUGH. LET

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VA-NOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young-Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Confirmed spinster. "Marry you?" the young woman scornfully exclaimed. "I wouldn't marry you if you were-

"Jupiter Olympus, the Czar of Russia, or the Count of Monte Cristo?" sarcastically interrupted the young

"No!" she rejoined, with increasing scorn. "Not even if you were the man who sent Dewey to the Philippines!"-Chicago Tribune

On the Bring Deep. "There is one good thing about an cean voyage," remarked the globe trot-

'What is that?" queried his compan "Why, a man can get as tight as he plesses every day and everybody will

think he is only seasick," answered the traveler.-Chicago News. Power of the Free Pass.

"Did old Skinflint object to his daughter marrying an actor?" "No. It was shown to him that h

could get free seats every time his sonin-law comes to town."-Philadelphia North American.



Absent-minded professor (mistaking air brush for a mirror)-Really, I do need a shave.

Wonderful Development. Watts-The development of the sense of touch in the blind is something alvays a wonder to me. Gotrox-I have it pretty well developed myself. I have got it so I can tell

apolis Journal. A Pangerous Man. Halfback-We ought to get that oung freshman from Oklahoma on the football team.

a borrower two blocks away.-Indian-

Center Rush-Why? Halfback-The boys tried to haze him last night, and six of them are in the hospital to-day.-New York Journal.

Objected to the "Coon one." "Whut's dat you wah singin'?" asked he old man. "Dat's de lates' coon song," answer

ed Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Well, you oughter go on 'bout you cork, 'stid o' makin' vobse tryin' to imitate white folks' ways." Washington Star.

Unavoidable. Reporter-Was that accident unavoidable?

Railroad President-Certainly, sir ertainly. No one to blame. You see the watchman had two crossings to look after, half a mue apart. You can't | sha'n't be here to see it!"-Polichinelle. expect a man to be in two places at



"Is you on duty, policeman?" "Yes, miss. Why?"

'Cause I'm lost!"-Punch. Coffee for Breakfast. Doctor-Dyspepsia, ch. You want to drink a cup of hot water first thing every morning. Patient-I always do. My boarding mistress invariably serves coffee for

breakfast.—Philadelphia Record. Always "Out" Up to 1 A. M. Wife (pathetically)-Are you going to be out until after midnight again tonight?

Husband Oh, I suppose so! I never

seem to have any luck until about 1 'clock.-Detroit Journal. Speaking of the Muse. Tommy-Pop, are there nine Muses? Tommy's Pop-Yes, my son; accord-

Tommy-Is that why a cat has nine

ng to mythology.

ives? Philadelphia Record. Altarest a micide Riggs I nearly killed my barber this

Boggs-Judging from the appearance your face I should say he nearly Biggs-It amounts to the same thing. shave myself. New York Journal.

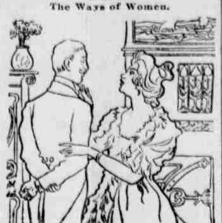
There's Mouv a Slip. Toffer-Have a cigar, old boy, I'm afraid, though, these are not very good. in fact, they may be worse than those

gave you hast. Scott through the Shakspeare church in Friend (in a burst of politeness)-Impossible, my dear boy, impossible .-New York Weekly.

Such Is Live. Jimmie-Geel De paper says cat dey ain't room fer all de kids ter go ter school. Mebbe we won't hafter go dis

year. Tommy-Betcher life we will! De kids wot likes ter go ter school is de only ones wot gits ter stay away.-San Francisco Examiner.

Amateur Theatricals. Mabel (the beroine)-Oh, dear! The curtain will rise in five minutes. Are you sure you will know your lines? Jack (the hero)-All except the part where I kiss you. I think we'd better rehearse that once more.-New York Journal.



Alfred, dear, I've one favor to beg of you-if we meet the Strebels be as attentive and affectionate toward me as you can! You see, Frau Strebel is always hateful to me, and her husband is as selfish and inconsiderate in his treatment of her as you are ordinarily with me.-Heitere Welt.

Two Gossips. Mrs. Podd-I'd tell you something if I thought it wouldn't go any further. Mrs. Pepper-You needn't be afraid. I guess I'll never see the day I can make a piece of news go farther than you can. Philadelphia Bulletin.

Needs More Practice. Mrs. Nexdore-Our minister evidently doesn't believe in practicing what he preaches.

Mrs. Nabor-How do you mean? Mrs. Nexdore-Well, he seems to have so much difficulty delivering his sermons. When to Be in Dead Eurnest. "We want a clergyman who can see

about my salary."-Chicago Record. Sociability. Wimper-Spunger is a very sociable sort of fellow, isn't he?

"I can see a joke all right, but I don't

went any humorous arrangements

a toke.



"O, things will go better in this world when the fools are all dead, but we

Crushed Him. The Shoe Clerk-Beg your pardon, madam, but it is a number five show you want, instead of a number three. She-Number five! You must be thinking of the size of your hat .- Indianapolis Journal.

"Did Madge Simpson enjoy her trip

to the Dewey celebration?" "I don't know; she talked about it all the time I was there, but I was busy talking to her about my trip to the mountains."-Detroit Free Press.

At the mateur erform nee First Gentleman in the Lobby-Has the curtain fallen on the first act? Second Gentleman in the Lobby-Better than that! It has fallen on the head of the leading man and knocked him senseless. Somerville Journal,

A "trong Defense.

Journal.

Mother-Why did you let him kiss you? Daughter-How could I help it? He was holding both my hands, and I couldn't kick him, could I?-New York

Winning Argum at. The Invalid-But I am already gaining great benefit from Bogger's Onion Ointment.

The Agent-Yes, and if it should cure you, all you would get would be a single column wood cut; whereas, if you use our remedies you will surely find relief, and the two-column art efching

Cecil Rhodes' Ambition. Sixteen years ago Cecil J. Rhodes.

then a man of small means and no political record, stood in a small Kimberley shop and looked for a long time at a map of Africa which hung on the wall. An acqualutance who had watched him for several minutes stepped up to Rifides and asked him whether he was aftempting to find the location of Kimberley. Mr. Rhodes made no reply " r several seconds. then placed his I ght hand over the man and covered a large part of south and central Africa, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, "All that Brit shi" he aid. "That is my dream," "I will give you ten years to realize it." said the frend. "Give me ten more," said Rhode's, "and then we'll have a new map." Three fourths of the required time has passed and the full from red in the smallght to white in the realization of Rhodes' deam must take place within the next thur years,

Peas and Bean Spitritions. Peas and beans for the most natritions of vegetables containing as much carbon as what and double amount of murde-ferming food

AMECDOTE

The latest English golf-story is told by Justice Lawrence against himself. He is an ardent golfer. Recently he had a case before him in which he felt it necessary to ask one of the witnesses, a boy, the usual question whether he was acquainted with the nature of an oath. The ingenuous youth replied:

"Of course I am. Ain't I your caddie?" A young woman who played the planoforte once asked Brahms, the composer, as to the advisability of giving a concert in Vienna. "Are you all ready," aquired Brahms, "Certainly, dear master; may I play something for you?" "Oh, no, no; I meant only have you a new gown and gloves?" "Yes, sir." "Pity; otherwise I should have advised you not to give the concert."

John Hare once sent his coachman to certain theater to secure stalls, and the man, who knew more about stables than theaters, returned with what appeared to be a difficult verbal message. Well, did you get the stalls?" inquired the actor. "No, sir," said the coachman; "the stalls were all taken up, but they told me they would be pleased to -to"-he scratched his head and then blurted out-"to put you in a loose box,

The late Judge Charles P. Daly, of New York, was a charming conversationalist as well as a model citizen and an accomplished jurist. He met the Duke of Wellington some fifty years ago, and the Duke remarked to him that he seemed too young to be on the bench. "I owe my position," replied Judge Daly, "to one of those accidents of fortune to which your grace owes so little." "I recall my criticism," said the Duke, grimly; "you are doubtless where you belong.

The recent death of Mme. Aubernon de Nerville in Paris recalls a reply once made to her by Dumas fils, who did not enjoy a certain kind of lionizing. At a dinner at Mme. Aubernon's one evening, he sat next to a certain general, who was disconcerted by Dumas' chilly manner. "Why do you not tell the general some of your witty stories?" asked the hostess, in a whisper. "Mon Dieu, madame," replied Dumas, in his most ingenious tone, "every one to his trade -I was waiting for him to fire off a cannon.

A financial agent of the Texas penitentiary had warmly opposed the election of Gov. Houston, but was partleularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position. Consequently the Governor was soon in receipt of a petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself. The Governor sent for him, and said, g "It appears from this petition th have been in the penitentiar; years?" "I have," was the reply during that time you have per faithfully every duty that has your way, to the best of your a "I have," answered the agent, age rising. "Then, sir," said ernor, with the alr of one con priceless favor, "I pardon you One of the applicants for s

in Japan, while James G. Maine was Secretary of State, was the late Sam-uel Kimberley, of Market Minore, who died in the service in central America. After he had presented his credentials, Mr. Blaine said: "I should like to appoint you, Mr. Kimberley, but I have made It a rule to recommend no one who does not speak the language of the country to which he is sent. Do you speak Japanese?" "Cer-t-tainly, Mr. Blaine," stammered Mr. Kimberley; "a-a-ask me s-s-something in J-J-Japanese and I'll a-a-answer you." Mr. Blaine had not a word to say, but the Japanese post went to another man, all the same, and Kimberley went to Central America. One day Kimberley met a young woman who threw her arms impulsively around his neck and kissed him. See ing her mistake, she drew back and angrily asked: "Aren't you Mr. Jones?" 'N-no-no, madam," replied Kimberley, bowing; "I'm n-n-not, but I w-w-wish

to thunder I w-w-was."

Two Puns. In "Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Porrys" there are some amusing chronicles of eighteenth century small beer. For example: Princess Amelia asked a remarkably

tall young man what he was intended

"The church," said he.

"Oh, sir, you must mistake," said the Princess. "It was certainly for the steeple. Hitherto this retort has been attributed to Curran; but Mrs. Porrys was smiled upon by many of the great ones of the earth, and was therefore in a po-

sition to credit it to the right person.

At all events, Curran has had the honor quite long enough. Mrs. Porrys also notes a new Pope pun. One day Sir Walter Blunt's father was in Pope's company, and talking of punning. Pope said that was a species we will print in all the principal papers of wit so triflingly easy that he would of the country will be something to answer to make one on any proposed gaze on with pride,-Indianapolis Jour- subject offhand, when a lady in the company said, "Well, Mr. Pope, make

one on keelhauling." He instantly replied, "That, madam, is indeed putting a man under a bard-

ship" (hard ship). Never Visited Brypt The French people have er Chalonsur-Marne by monuposent to: Francols Chabas, the eminent Egyptologist, who when he began to publish his works was a wine merchant. Curlously enough, this authority on things Egyptian never visited Egypt. His only excursion abroad was to the museums of Italy, where he remained a few weeks in 1865.

The horticultural world is exercised by the mysterious transformation in / color which the Japanese are able to effeet in roses. By some unknown bur natural process the flower changes shade or in darkness.

to be his willingness to pay a good rental that gives his Satanical majesty. the choice of apartments in some man-

The intant prodicy at 4 may be a fool at 40.